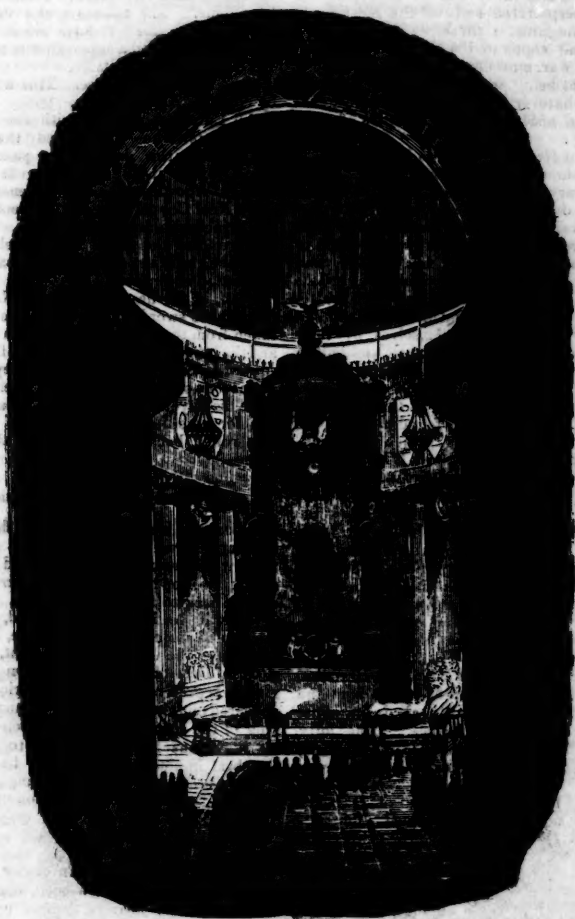


**The Mirror**  
OF  
**LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.**  
(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 25.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1845.

[Vol. 1, 1845.]



No. 1271.

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

VOL.

### THE HOTEL DES INVALIDS AT PARIS.

Our cut presents the interior of the Hotel des Invalids, in the French capital, the asylum provided for worn-out soldiers of France. Those whose least admire that rage for military glory, which through ages rendered her a scourge to her continental neighbours, and we may add to England, since, however triumphant at the close of most of the wars in which we have been engulfed, it would be absurd to deny that in their progress they perpetrated evils of the most enormous magnitude; those, we say, who were the least captivated with the wild excitement of war, must doubtless approve of such a retreat being provided for the brave men, who, whatever the character of the quarrel, had nobly fought the battles of their country.

It was *Henri Quatre* who first formed an establishment of this description, and, as a temporary measure, placed a certain number of disabled soldiers in a religious hospital, called "La Maison de la Charité Chrétienne." The Bicêtre was devoted to the same purpose by Louis XIII, and some private individuals raised subscriptions among themselves in aid of this praiseworthy object. A. M. and Madame Bentholot greatly distinguished themselves by their humane exertions in the cause, and built a large house in the Rue de la Lune, for the reception of fifty lame soldiers, who were completely provided for at their expense. Louis XIV laid the foundation of the present edifice in 1671, which was completed in 1674, and named L'Hotel Royal des Invalids. It was one of the few good works performed by that tyrannical voluptuary. The church connected with the establishment was erected thirty years later.

The exterior of the structure has been much admired. "The esplanade to the north extends to the Seine, and is furnished with an avenue of majestic trees. The facade of the building is of an imposing aspect, and the chief entrance is decorated with elaborate sculpture. The key-stone of the large arch represents a head of Hercules, in marble. The church, which is at the extremity of the Cour Royale, is one of the finest structures in France. The lofty nave is supported by forty decorated pillars, and was, in the time of Napoleon, ornamented with 3,000 standards taken from different nations. The colours captured at Algiers, now supply their place. The pulpit and the altar are adorned with the richest sculpture. At the end of the nave is the dome, which is supported by forty columns of the composite order, and is composed of three cupolas. Through the opening of the first arch may be seen a fine fresco, representing the Apotheosis of St. Louis. Between the windows of the

dome are figures of the twelve apostles. The church is ornamented with numerous bas-reliefs, statues, and fresco paintings. The library, which consists of 20,000 volumes, was founded by Napoleon."

Liberal Bruant, and Jules Hardouin Mansard, were the architects employed. The former built the lower part, and the latter raised the dome. It has been regretted that Mansard omitted to avail himself of the fine models of antiquity in executing this national work, as he might have done. The masses and proportions below are too small to form the base of so grand and elevated a super-structure. The dome is gilt on the outside, which gives it a most singular appearance. This was done by command of Napoleon.

All Europe is familiar with the fame of the artists who embellished the dome within. Charles de la Tousse painted the Cupola and the four Evangelists; the Twelve Apostles are by Jondenet. The elder Noel Coypel painted the roof above the principal altar.

Here rest the ashes of the celebrated Turenne, and also those of Vaubann, the celebrated engineer.

Here, in the day of his pride, Napoleon carried the sword of Frederick the Great, taken from that monarch's tomb, in Berlin; and the horse of bronze was brought from the square of St. Mark, here to be deposited. Numerous standards, as already mentioned, were displayed in the dome. What a lesson for ambition followed! The tide of war rolled back on its source, that the name—

"At which the world turned pale  
Might point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The banners were torn down by the invaders, and burnt, that it might not be said they were reconquered; the sword of Frederick and the horse were reconquered, and carried back to Berlin and Venice.

Here, it need hardly be stated, the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte were, by permission of the British government, deposited in December, 1840. The engraving gives a representation of the interior, as it appeared on that occasion, when the present king of the French, and other members of his illustrious family, attended to render the best honours to him, who had been their greatest enemy, or in the language of Mr. Pitt, "the child and champion of Jacobinism."

*A Retort Courteous.*—An orator, holding forth in favour of women, concluded thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

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OBSERVATIONS ON HOMER, MORE  
ESPECIALLY HIS THEOLOGY.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

There is something venerable in antiquity which strikes the mind with a kind of awful reverence. One cannot behold a very ancient ruin, the monument of some person famous in old story, or even the place where a memorable action has been performed in former ages, without feeling an internal satisfaction, combined with a sort of wonder and awe not easy to be described. Akin to this, and in some respects even superior to it, is that exquisite delight which results from the study of writings rendered venerable by antiquity. If endued with a true intellectual refinement we can never examine these repositories of the ancients, but with the utmost reverence and attention, with a kind of serious solemn pleasure. Turning over its pages, I feel as amongst the tombs of the renowned dead in Westminster Cathedral, when I give up an afternoon to contemplate the vanity and vicissitude of mortal things. Whilst indulging these reflections at these seasons the soul shakes off, as it were, the incumbrance of matter, vigorously exerts its native faculties, soars beyond the reach of care and sorrow, and despises all that power, wealth, and grandeur for which the world so earnestly contends.

The oldest writings in the world are those of Moses, and next to them the books of Homer. The first of these are without comparison the noblest treasures of antiquity time has left us, and contain the best or rather only true account of the creation and of the first ages than can be any where met with. They are written in so plain and simple a manner, but with so much force and fire, that even in the translation they retain a grandeur and sublimity which pierce the very soul. They have also a most artless pathos, as any one may discover who will but take the pains to read attentively the history of Joseph, which, without any ornament of language, will affect the mind more seriously, and has, perhaps, more of the true pathetic than any piece that ever was written.

But our object now is to set down some of the noblest sentiments of antiquity, which we will meet with in that next most valuable ancient writer, Homer. And those quotations we shall not give in the Greek, but in Pope's excellent translation.

"They (says this poet and translator) lose much of the pleasure of Homer who read him only as a poet. He gives us an exact image of ancient life, their manners customs, laws, and politics." We should consider, that when we read him we are reading the oldest authors in the heathen

world; we grow acquainted with nations that are now no more, step back almost three thousand years, and take a view of the simplicity of their early ages; behold monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. This is the same authentic picture we find in scripture, to which the pure and noble simplicity of his expression, and the excellence and grandeur of his sentiments, bear likewise a strong resemblance. His sentiments, reflections, and precepts are so excellent that the Greeks call him the "Father of Virtue," and Horace declares him to be "the greatest master of morality." It must be acknowledged that Homer's theology is, in many cases, very gross and imperfect; and considering the time and country in which he lived, it was impossible it should be otherwise, but though his gods are debased so low as to eat and drink, and sleep, and to be subject to human frailties, he never fails to recommend our duty to them, by prayers and sacrifices, and all the rites that were in those ages esteemed religious, to the shame of many christians, those, who blest with so much clearer knowledge of the Supreme Being, yet treat him without the least respect.

Let us begin with his representation of Jupiter, or the Supreme Deity—the Omnipotent God. For, notwithstanding the several gods that Homer mentions, he plainly shows his belief of One that is almighty, infinitely above the rest, whom he constantly introduces with a majesty and superiority becoming the great ruler of the universe. Can anything express a greater submission, humble acknowledgment and veneration, than the words wherein he makes the Grecian troops address him, just before the engagement between Ajax and Hector.

"Oh Father of mankind! superior Lord!  
On lofty Ida's holy hill adored,  
Who in the highest heav'n hast fixed thy throne,  
Supreme of gods! unbounded and alone."  
Il. b. x. v. 145.

Let us next observe in what manner he represents him in comparison with the other deities, and seated on the throne of his majesty:

—"Superior and alone  
The eternal monarch on his awful throne,  
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat."  
Il. b. xi. v. 647.

And again:

"There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The Thunderer sat, where old Olympus shrouds  
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the  
clouds."  
Il. l. 5, 647.

And again:

—"A rolling cloud  
Involved the mount: the thunder roar'd aloud,  
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,  
And blaz'd beneath the lightnings of the God."  
Il. 17, 5, 670.

This bears a near resemblance to Moses' description of the Lord Jehovah descending upon Mount Sinai, *Exod. xix. 16, 17, 18.* We shall see next with what grandeur he introduces the Almighty speaking:—

"The King of gods his awful silence broke;  
The heav'n's attentive trembled as he spoke."  
*Il. 6, v. 5.*

And again:

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial curl, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, the sanction of the god.  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook."  
*Il. 1, v. 683.*

Nothing but the sacred writings can equal the grandeur and magnificence of these descriptions, which express the majesty and omnipotence of the Supreme Being in a manner as sublime as the faculties of man seem capable of conceiving, without heaven's more immediate assistance.

Let us now take a short view of religion and morality, as they were in Homer's time. Theology was then little else but fable, allegory, and mystery, which had been delivered down from ages still much earlier, and was become the more obscure, as they were removed farther from their first inventors. Mankind had discovered, by the force of natural reason, that there was some supreme over-ruling power which had created, and which supported and directed all things. This being, therefore, they believed it their duty to adore and worship; but being ignorant of his nature, and at a loss how to pay their devotions to him, in blind zeal, never knowing where to stop, they not only raised altars and temples to himself, and also to each of his particular attributes; such as his wisdom, his power, &c.; and these soon came to be looked upon as separate and distinct deities, and were supposed to have a certain share in the government of the world. Of those they invented abundance of fictions, imputing to them all sorts of human passions, and making them wavering, tyrannical, and revengeful; and though probably at first something figurative might be intended by the stories told of them, that was soon lost, or perhaps never understood at all, amongst the generality of the people. There was likewise another way of adding to the number of their gods; for several men and women, who had performed extraordinary actions, or been the inventors of useful arts, were deified and honoured with divine worship, such as *Ceres, Bacchus, Esculapius*, &c. But from whence soever their deities were derived, they imagined them all to be under the power and control of one supreme God, the Great and Almighty Jupiter. However ridiculous the notions we find in

Homer, concerning the gods, where they are represented, eating, drinking, laughing, quarrelling, fighting, &c., may seem to us, they certainly appeared quite otherwise to the age wherein he wrote. But when he speaks of the dispositions of Providence, and the duties of mankind, his sentiments are truly just and noble.

The morality of those times was also in many cases greatly defective. A spirit of rapine and revenge prevailed almost universally, and it was customary to plunder and destroy whole nations for little or no cause. Even robbery was no scandal provided it was done with gallantry, and upon the least pretence to carry families into slavery was accounted a glorious action. But we find amidst all this an extraordinary piety and devotion, which was shown by frequent sacrifices, lustrations, and prayers; a simplicity of manner entirely void of luxury and ostentation; a commendable affection for their country, a reverence for their parents, and a surprising hospitality towards the stranger guest, whose person was looked upon as sacred and inviolable, from an opinion that the gods themselves came down sometimes to visit mortals under that appearance, and punished or rewarded them according as they were received, courteously, or otherwise.

Let us now proceed to set down some fine passages of Homer from Pope, illustrating and confirming the above statements. In the following he declares that the fate of kingdoms depends on the Almighty alone. *Iliad, b. ix:—*

"So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!  
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall;  
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
And towers and armies humbles to the dust."

That He alone is the giver of victory, *Iliad, b. ix. v. 197:—*

—"Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,  
The strong he withers and confounds the bold;  
New crowns with fame the mighty man, and new  
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow."

That the thoughts and faculties of man are absolutely in His power, *Odyssey, b. xxiii. v. 13:—*

"The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,  
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise;  
And human thought, with unresisted sway,  
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away."

That without God's blessing nothing can long endure, *Iliad, b. xii. v. 9:—*

"Without the gods, how short a period stands  
The proudest monument of mortal hands."

Which is exactly what the Psalmist says — "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is lost that build it."

# AUGERIUS GILENIUS BUBHE- QUIUS; OR, SKETCHES OF THE TURKS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The bearer of the above singular and almost ludicrous name was dispatched to Constantinople in 1554 by Ferdinand, king of Hungary, on an embassy to Solyman II, surnamed the Magnificent. Some of his notes on the reception he met with, and on the customs and habits of those he saw on his journey, are amusing. The Turks were then not a little fond of display. As he approached Gran, then garrisoned by the soldiers of Solyman, he tells us—

"Soon as the Turks (four horsemen) discovered me, they rode up and saluted me by the coach side. Thus we proceeded, conversing by means of a youth, my interpreter, and I expected no other convey; till, descending into a low valley, I was suddenly surrounded by about one hundred and fifty horsemen. The sight was highly gratifying to one unaccustomed to such spectacles. Their spears and bucklers were curiously painted, their sword-hilts jewelled, their plumes of various colours, and their heads covered with turbans delicately white (*capitis tegmina candidissimis spiris aptata*). The colour of their garments was purple or dark blue. They rode on fine horses, beautifully caparisoned. Their commanders saluted me, and inquired of my journey. I made them a suitable reply, and thus they brought me to Gran."

Of the Janissaries, once a dreaded name, in our times the subject of a fearful catastrophe, he gives a description, which does not make them appear very formidable:—

"At Buda I first saw the Janissaries (*Gianisari*), as the Turks call their praetorian infantry. Their full number is twelve thousand, whom the sultan distributes over the whole empire, either to secure his fortresses against an enemy, or for the safety of Christians and Jews against popular violence. There is, indeed, no well-inhabited village, town, or city where Janissaries are not stationed to defend Christians, Jews, and other helpless persons, from assaults of the rabble. They always garrison the castle of Buda. They wear a long garment reaching to the ankles, and upon their heads the sleeve of a coat or cloak (for thence they say was its origin). The head fills part of it, and the rest hangs on the shoulder. In the fore-part ariseth an oblong cone, silver-gilt and wrought with jewels, but of an ordinary sort. These Janissaries usually visited me in pairs. When admitted into my dining-room, they bowed their heads, in token of obeisance. Presently they ran to me in

haste, touching either my garment or hand, as if they would have kissed it. Then they urged me to accept a bunch of hyacinths, or narcissuses, and immediately hastened to the door, retiring backwards; as it would have been a violation of decorum, according to the rules of their order, to turn their backs upon me. Standing at the door, in modest silence, with their hands upon their breasts, and their eyes fixed on the ground, they looked more like our monks than like soldiers. When I gave them some money—the only object of their visit—they again bowed their heads, and departed with a loud expression of thanks, and wishes for my happiness."

Of these men, Basbequius remarks, he should have taken them for Turkish monks, or *collegii sodales*. "Yet these," says he, "are the Janissaries who spread such terror wherever they come."

He gives us a very pleasant and edifying instance of the persecutions used by a conscientious Mahometan, when about to sacrifice to Bacchus:—

"I saw an old man at Constantinople, who, taking in his hand a cup of wine, before he drank would make a hideous noise. I asked his friends the reason of this conduct. They replied that by this outcry he would warn his soul to retire into some secret corner of his body, or else to pass out of it, that she might not be guilty of that sin he was ready to commit, nor be defiled with the wine he was about to swallow."

At Jagodna, a town belonging to the Servians, he witnessed certain funeral rites, which remind us of the "Ah, why did you die?" of the Irish of to-day:—

"The corpse was lodged in a temple, with the face exposed. Near were placed refreshments, viz., bread, flesh, and a flagon of wine; the wife and daughter of the deceased standing by in their best apparel; the daughter's hat being made of peacock's feathers. The last present made by the wife to her deceased husband, was a purple bonnet, such as noble virgins wore in that country. We heard their lamentations and their expostulations with the corpse, how they had deserved so ill at his hands; and what duty and observance they had neglected, that he had thus left them forlorn and disconsolate; and more in the same manner. The priests who officiated were of the Greek church."

The dress, condition, and account given of themselves by the female peasants is worth copying:—

"Their hats were made of straw braided with webs over them. They were narrowest below, and rising like a top, about nine inches above the head. That part towards the sky was very open and capacious, as if made to collect rain, as ours are to repel



it. In the space between the upper and lower part, they hang coins, small pictures or images, fragments of painted glass, or whatever is dazzling, however worthless. In this dress I fancied they resembled a Clytemnestra or a Hecuba, in the flourishing days of Troy; and I was led seriously to reflect how frail and mutable is reputed nobility of birth. Inquiring of some, the most attractive among them, concerning their lineage, they said they were descended from the chief nobles of that country, though now the wives of shepherds, for nobility is little esteemed in the Turkish provinces. I afterwards saw at Constantinople, and elsewhere, descendants from the imperial families of the Catauzeni and the Palæologi, living more contemptuously among the Turks, than ever Dionysius did at Corinth."

The ambassador reached Constantinople on January 26, 1555, but the sultan was not then in his capital, being with his army in Asia. We shall not accompany the ambassador any further, as we have no space to treat on the graver subjects of his missions, which have now lost their interest, but close with one more characteristic touch of Turkish superstition:—

"March 9, we were wafted over into Natolia, (so the Turks call Asia), reaching, that day, Scutari, opposite to old Byzantium, near where was once the noble city of Chalcedon. The next day we continued our journey over fields, filled with odoriferous herbs, especially the *Stæcha* (*Stæcade*). There we saw a great number of large tortoises fearlessly wandering about. These would have become a grateful prey, but for our Turkish guides, whom we were cautious of offending. Had they seen one brought to our table, much more had they touched one, no washings would have cleansed from such pollution. The Turks and the Greeks, too, are thus superstitious, and the creatures being harmless, are left unmolested, till the country abounds with them."

#### A MASQUERADE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The curious in such matters will compare with interest the subjoined account of a grand entertainment given in June, 1768, by the king of Denmark, when in this country, on a visit, with the queen's recent *bal masque*. To trace the subsequent history of the noble and distinguished personages, who figured on that occasion, might well employ the pen of the moralist; where, without a single exception, are they all now? In the grave.

#### GRAND BALL AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The masquerade commenced about 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, the 13th. At

ten, his Danish majesty, accompanied by his excellency count Holcke, came in his own coach and pair, in a private manner, down Market-lane, behind the Opera-house, with only two servants and one flambeau, and afterwards dressed in his masquerade in one of the dressing rooms of the Opera-house. A little after ten, the noblemen of his Danish majesty's suite followed in chairs in the proper masquerade dresses, extremely rich and elegant, up Market-lane. The ball was opened by the king of Denmark and the duchess of Ancaster. His Britannic majesty was in a private box apparently shut, but with peep-holes in the shutters. His royal highness the duke of Cumberland was in a crimson domino, trimmed with gold, black hat, and white feather. The duke of Northumberland appeared in a Persian habit, with a turban richly ornamented with diamonds. Her grace the duchess of Northumberland appeared in the character of Rembrandt's Wife, in a close black gown, trimmed with gold, a round-eared coif, short apron tucked up, with a painter's brush in her hand. Lord Grosvenor was in a splendid suit of the Turkish fashion. Lord Clive appeared in the dress of a nabob, very richly ornamented with diamonds. An East India director was dressed in the real habit of a Chinese mandarin, ornamented with diamonds, particularly the collar, which was entirely covered, to an immense amount, which greatly attracted the notice, and admiration, of his Danish majesty. Mr. Cambridge and his three daughters composed the Indian Family. Mr. Scrafton was in the superb dress of a Nabob. Mr. Mullman was magnificently habited in the character of Tancred. Two gentlemen of the London common council in their *mazareen* gowns, "as if they were sensible that the very dress of their own office was, of all others, the most proper to play the fool in." (*Oxford Magazine*). The character of Mungo, in the *Padlock*, was very excellently assumed by Mr. Mendez, who was very fine in jewels, and exceedingly diverted the company. Dr. Dominici and his lady, in the characters of the gardener and his wife, excited much curiosity from the singularity of their dress, which was greatly admired. Lady Bell Stanhope and her sister represented pilgrims. They wore brown gowns with blue sashes, trimmed with silver, and small hats laced round with diamonds. Diana, lady Stanhope; Old Woman, General Conway; Witch, Mr. James; Indian Beggi, Mr. Vansittart. Sailor, Mr. Thompson. No Sailor, Mr. Broderick. Sir Epicure Mammon, Mr. Kelly. A Methodist preacher, with long lank hair, all in black except his wand. A chimney-sweeper, with his bag, shovel, and scraper, to whom the sentinel at first

refused admittance. Cleopatra, Mrs. Garnier. Goddess of Chastity, Miss Groves. Mrs. Ross, in the character of Night, displayed much fancy in the choice of her dress; it was a thin black silk studded with stars, and fastened to the head by a moon very happily executed. Miss Elliott, in the character of Pallas, armed with a helmet and a lance. A beautiful Quakeress in a silk of a faint maiden's blush. These were all of the principal characters.

The king of Denmark, being master of the house, appeared unmasked, in order that the masques might pay their compliments to him, which they did. He simply was habited in a yellow silk domino, trimmed with silver lace. The ladies in general made a very beautiful and brilliant appearance. The duchess of Ancaster, in the character of a Sultana, was universally admired; her robe was purple satin, bordered with ermine. The princess Amelia, the duchess of Bedford, lady Howe, and several other personages of high rank, were present, but did not mask. Lady Harrington, and the two ladies, her daughters, were extremely simple in their appearance, but at the same time extremely elegant, and attracted the general attention of the company. The dress of the countess of Waldegrave was remarkably splendid. The lady of an eminent merchant had her dress ornamented with jewels to the amount of 30,000*l*. Many ladies were dressed in fine Spanish and Turkish habits; several as shepherdesses, with crooks, and some like dancers, in various costumes of the ballet. The noblemen and gentlemen were, for the most part, in dominos. At twelve o'clock the company went to supper, which was a very elegant cold collation. At table the company were all unmasked, except one person, who appeared in the character of an African, with a rich diamond collar round his neck; his face was completely covered with black silk, so neatly put on (for he wore no mask during the whole night), that he could not take it off. The king of Denmark, with the dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, the princess Amelia, &c., supped in private in one of the dressing-rooms. His Britannic majesty did not mix with the company either at supper or during the ball, and retired at one o'clock. The plenty of provisions and profusion of wines of every sort exceeded anything of the kind ever seen previously in England. At supper seven hundred ladies and gentlemen were completely accommodated at a time with the greatest order and decorum: when they had supped, they retired to dancing; then a second party of the like number took their places, and so on alternatively, till the whole company had partook of his Danish majesty's truly noble entertainment.

## THE NOBLE HOUSE OF STANHOPE.



*Arms.*—Quarterly, erm. and gu.

*Supporters.*—Dexter, a talbot, erm.; sinister a wolf, or, ducally crowned az., each charged on the shoulder with a crescent of the last.

*Crest.*—A tower, az., thereon a demi lion, rampart, or, ducally crowned gu., holding between the paws a grenade fixed, ppr.

*Motto.*—"A Deo et Rege." "From God and the king."

In the time of William and Mary and queen Anne, the hon. Alexander Stanhope was a distinguished diplomatist. He was the only son of Philip, the first earl of Chesterfield by his second countess Anne, daughter of sir John Packington, and widow of sir Humphrey Ferrars, of Tamworth Castle, in the county of Warwick. Mr. Stanhope married Catherine, daughter of Arnold Burghill, esq., of Thingehill Parva, in the county of Hereford. He died in September, 1707, and was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son James Stanhope, who was eminently distinguished as a soldier, and became commander-in-chief of the British forces in Spain, in 1708, and obtained considerable renown by the reduction of Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca. He was appointed secretary of state in the time of George I., first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer. On July 2, 1717, he was advanced to the peerage by the title of baron Stanhope, of Elvaston, and viscount Stanhope, of Mahon, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his kinsmen Thomas Stanhope, esq., of Elvaston, and the brothers of that gentleman, Charles Stanhope, then secretary of the treasury, and William Stanhope, afterwards earl of Harrington. His lordship was created earl Stanhope, April 14, 1718. He married February 24, 1712-13, Lucy, youngest daughter of Thomas Pitt, esq., of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, formerly governor at Fort St. George, by whom he left two sons and a daughter. The earl, who had been twice appointed one of the lords justices in the absence of the king, and had been engaged in the most important diplomatic affairs, died, after one day's indisposition, February 5, 1721, and was succeeded by his elder son

Philip, the second earl, was born August 15, 1714, and married in 1745, Grizel, daughter of Charles, lord Binning. On his death, in 1786, he was succeeded by his eldest son. Charles, the third earl, was born August 3, 1753. He devoted himself to mechanical and scientific researches. His lordship married, first, December 19, 1774, lady Hector Pitt, eldest daughter of William I., earl of Chatham, and sister of the right hon. William Pitt, by whom he had three daughters. Having become a widower he was again married, March 17, 1781, to Louisa, daughter and sole heiress of the hon. Henry Granville Grosvenor, of Barbadoes, and by that lady he had three sons, Philip Henry, Charles Banks, who was in the army, and fell in the battle of Corunna, and James Hamilton, who was also in the army, and died March 5, 1825. His lordship's death took place December 15, 1816, when he was succeeded by the present peer, who was born December 7, 1781. He married November 19, 1803, Catherine Lucy, daughter of Robert, lord Carrington, by whom he has issue. The present heir to this title, Philip Henry, viscount Mahon, was born January 31, 1805. The earl is keeper of the records in the Birmingham Tower, Dublin.

### "FLOWERS OF THE MORN AND EVENING SONG, OR THOUGHTS FOR THOSE WHO RISE EARLY."

BY MARY ROBERTS.

Thus feels the man who has left his far-off mountains, when, jaded with every-day endurance of hard toil, he bends his way to the only spot within his reach, of which the name may recall somewhat concerning early days and forsaken scenes, where the bog pimpernel loves to linger amid tufts of fern and the yielding moss. And thus, perchance, in some wild or beautiful solitude, for such there are even in the neighbourhood of great cities, may thoughts arise within his heart.

The torrent is foaming,  
The waters are roaming,  
Adown the deep glade, by the side of the hill;  
Where the wild bird is singing,  
And blue bells are springing,  
And the cowslip and primrose are lingering still.

Ah, linger ye yet,  
With pearly dew wet,  
No step o'er the green sod is speeding;  
And a few stars on high,  
Still look down from the sky,  
While the pomp of the night is receding.

Ye innocent flowers,  
Beloved in bright hours,  
Ere the young heart had yielded its gladness;  
I would gaze on ye still,  
By the gush of the rill,  
In the depth of my spirit's lone sadness.

It is full sad to think,  
As I gaze on the brink,  
Of the stream, in its deep and fresh flowing;  
Of the primrose and blue bell,  
In my own native dell,  
And of hours that with rapture were glowing.

Oh! the glee of those hours,  
Young hands filled with flowers,  
True words in their freshness then spoken;  
But the bright eyes that shone,  
Are by tears dimm'd and gone,  
And the buoyant young spirits are broken.

They were broken too soon,  
Few of those reached their noon,  
Whose young steps on the green sod were springing;  
But I still am left,  
Of those lov'd ones bereft,  
To list to the birds' blithesome singing.

### THE WANDERING MINSTREL'S SONG.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

[For the Mirror.]

Right joyously the world I roam,  
And greet the fair and free;  
With song and lullad rich I come—  
Say, what need trouble me?  
With sneaking step some take their way,  
Tow'rd the cold dreary tomb;  
But gaily does the minstrel stray  
Where brightest flowers bloom.

Oh, nature! thou indeed art fair,  
A mother true and kind;  
I bask beneath thy sunny care,  
And sweet contentment find.  
Thy visions, deep and wonderful,  
Will oft my spirit throng;  
But soon the sweetest thoughts I call,  
And burst forth into song.

When slumber's bands the light unbinds,  
With song I hail the day;  
Its glowing orb, at mid-day, finds  
Me singing on my way;  
And, as the sun sinks to the west,  
I gently touch the strings,  
And greet, with cheerful song, the rest  
That peaceful twilight brings.

As slowly rise, from caverns dim,  
The shadows of the night,  
I raise to heaven my grateful hymn  
By the starlight's tranquil light.  
As o'er my frame oft slumbers steal,  
No painful dreams oppress;  
For, even in my dreams, I feel  
A minstrel's happiness.

Where'er I wander, east or west,  
Men kindly bid me stay;  
But, though I be a welcome guest,  
I soon must bid adieu;  
My bounding spirit would depart  
Forth, from a narrow home,  
And, when the god awells in my heart,  
I freely on must roam.

But, grant me freedom, love, and wine,  
To cheer me on my way,  
And sweet content shall still be mine  
Through sorrow's darkest day.  
I'll aye to mirth and rhyme be true,  
In pleasure or in pain,  
And, should I bid the world adieu,  
Go singing home again.

ROBT. CLEPHAM.



## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

## VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

## CHAPTER XVII.—SUICIDE.

Cephyse and the Mayeux finished in calmness the preparations for their death. The former was sitting in front of the stove, blowing the charcoal, above which was flickering, here and there, a small bluish flame, and the latter was sitting on the bed with her chin resting on her hand, sorrowfully watching her sister. The silence was profound. Nothing was heard but the breathing of Cephyse, and, at intervals, the crackling of the charcoal, which, beginning to kindle, sent forth a faint and sickly odour. Cephyse, seeing the charcoal was burning, and feeling rather giddy in her head, arose, and, approaching her sister, said, "It is done."

"Sister," replied the Mayeux, "how shall we tie? I should like to be near you to the last."

"Stay," said Cephyse, "I shall place myself at the head of the bed, with my back against the wall. Thus; now put your head on my lap, and give me your hand. Are you easy in this position?"

"Yes, but I cannot see you."

"It is better so; for I understand there is a moment of extreme pain, and it is as well we should not see each other suffer. Let me kiss, for the last time, your beautiful hair, and then we will remain tranquil," added Cephyse, pressing to her lips the silky hair, which crowned the pale and melancholy visage of the Mayeux.

"Sister, your hand," said the Mayeux, "for the last time, your hand; now we will speak no more. We shall not have to wait long, I believe, for I already feel myself giddy. Do you feel so, sister?"

"Not yet. I only smell the odour of the charcoal."

"Can you guess the cemetery in which we shall be buried?" demanded the Mayeux.

"No. Why do you ask this question?"

"Because I should prefer Père-la-Chaise. I once went there with Agricola and his mother. What a beautiful sight! everywhere trees, flowers, and marble. The dead are better lodged than the living, and—"

"What is the matter with you, sister?" said Cephyse.

"I am giddy; my temples beat heavily."

Cephyse placed her hand on the brow of the Mayeux, and said, "You are in pain, are you not?"

"No. My eyelids are as heavy as lead; a drowsiness is creeping over me, but I do not feel any severe pain; I thought it was more painful and difficult to die than this."

After a moment's silence, the Mayeux resumed, "Do you think Agricola will regret me much, and remember me long?"

"How can you ask such a question?" said Cephyse, in a tone of reproach.

"You are right," replied the Mayeux, softly; "there is an unworthy sentiment in this doubt—but if you knew—"

"What, sister?"

"Nothing!" faintly said the Mayeux, after a moment's hesitation; then she added, "Fortunately I die convinced he will never need my aid. He is married to a charming young woman; they love each other. I am sure she will make him happy."

In pronouncing this, the voice of the Mayeux became fainter and fainter. Suddenly she started, and said to Cephyse, in a trembling tone, "Sister, fold me in your arms. Oh! I am afraid; everything is dancing around me."

"You are suffering greatly?" said Cephyse, pressing the Mayeux in her arms.

"Oh, yes; do not leave me, I pray you!"

"And I scarcely suffer at all yet. Now, however, I feel a sense of suffocation, and my head seems ready to split."

In fact, the chamber was filled with noxious gas. Day was declining; the apartment, which became rather obscure was lighted up by the furnace, that cast a reddish glow on the sisters, as they sat locked in each other's arms. Suddenly the Mayeux said, while she was agitated with slight convulsive emotions, "Agricola—Mademoiselle de Cardeville—oh, adieu!"

Then her convulsions ceased, and her arms, which were twined round Cephyse, fell powerless on the bed.

"Sister," cried Cephyse, "already, my sister; but you must not die before me."

A sound of voices was at this moment heard on the stairs. Cephyse raised her head. The sound approached nearer and nearer, and a voice at the door cried out, "Good God! what a smell of charcoal! Open the door! Open the door!"

"They are coming to save me, and my sister is dead. Oh, no, I will not be so base as to survive her."

Such was the last thought of Cephyse, when, availing herself of her remaining strength, she ran to the window, and at the moment the door was forced open, the unfortunate creature threw herself from the third story into the yard.

Adrienne, in spite of the suffocating odour of the charcoal, rushed into the room, and, on seeing the stove, cried out, "The unfortunate child has killed herself."

"No, she has thrown herself out of the

window," said Agricola, for, at the moment the door was forced open, he saw a human form disappear from it.

"No, here she is," cried Adrienne, pointing to the pale figure of the Mayeux; then throwing herself on her knees beside the poor girl, on whose heart she placed her hand, but there was no beating. In a minute or so, however, when currents of fresh air had entered by the door and window, Adrienne, believing she felt a slight pulsation, exclaimed, "Her heart beats; quick, monsieur Agricola, run for help; fortunately I have my smelling-bottle."

"Yes, yes, help for her, and for the other too, if it is yet time," said Agricola, rushing down stairs, leaving Adrienne kneeling by the bedside of the Mayeux.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE DISCLOSURES.

During the painful scene now related, Adrienne's countenance, rendered pale and thin by sorrow, became flushed with emotion. To be more at liberty in rendering the Mayeux assistance, she had taken off her bonnet, and her beautiful golden hair hung down in ringlets that nearly veiled her face. She held in her white hands the meagre ones of the poor work-girl, who was now, by the salubrious freshness of the air, and the effects of the salts contained in Adrienne's smelling bottle, completely restored to life. Fortunately she had fainted more from weakness and emotion than from the effect produced by the noxious gas of the charcoal.

Before describing the scene between the work-girl and the patrician, it will be necessary to take a retrograde glance at what had passed since the strange adventure at the theatre of the Port Sainte Martin, where Djalma, at the risk of his life, rushed on the black panther in the presence of Adrienne. Forgetting her jealousy and humiliation, at the sight of Djalma, who had presented himself in public, in the company of a woman that seemed unworthy of him, Adrienne, dazzled a moment by the chivalrous and heroic action of the prince, said to herself, "In spite of odious appearances, Djalma loves me, since he has braved death to pick up my bouquet."

But reflection soon demonstred to her how ineffectual such consolation was to heal the wounds that her love and her dignity had sustained.

"How many times," thought Adrienne, "has the prince, from pure caprice, faced, in the chase, danger similar to that he encountered in picking up my bouquet! besides who knows that it was not with the intent of offering it to the woman that accompanied him?"

Adrienne's ideas of love, and her first pride, formed an invincible obstacle in preventing her from entertaining the thought of allowing herself to succeed a woman whom the prince had presented to the public as his mistress; and yet she dared hardly acknowledge to herself that she was jealous of so unworthy a rival. Remembering what had been related of Djalma's elevation of soul, and calling to her recollection the conversation she had overheard between him and Rodin, she could scarcely credit that a man, endowed with so remarkable a mind, so tender a heart, so poetic an imagination, and who was such an enthusiastic admirer of the ideal, could be capable of loving a vulgar and depraved creature. This was a mystery that Adrienne in vain endeavoured to penetrate. This doubt and anxiety still further increased her love, and also her despair; she lived henceforward in profound solitude. The cholera broke out. Florine caught the infection, and her mistress, in spite of the danger, wished to see her, that she might console her. Florine, overcome by this new proof of kindness, could no longer conceal the treason in which she had hitherto been an accomplice. Death, she thought, was about to deliver her from the odious tyranny she endured, and she might, therefore, at last reveal all to Adrienne.

When Adrienne heard of the incessant espionage of Florine, and the cause of the Mayeux's sudden departure, her pity for the poor work-girl still farther increased. By her orders the most active steps were taken to discover the Mayeux. The avowal of Florine produced a still more important result. Adrienne, justly alarmed at this new proof of Rodin's treachery, called to mind the projects that were formed, when, believing herself loved, the instinct of that love revealed to her the perils to which Djalma and the other members of the Rennepont family were exposed. To write her kindred, and rally them against the common enemy—such was, on hearing the disclosures of Florine, Adrienne's intention, the accomplishment of which she regarded as a duty. In a struggle against adversaries as dangerous as Rodin and his associates, Adrienne saw, not only the laudable and perilous task of unmasking hypocrisy and cupidity, but she expected the effort would have relieved her own sorrow. On the morning when Adrienne at length discovered the dwelling of the Mayeux, and afterwards so miraculously snatched her from death, Agricola, being at the Hotel de Cardoville, requested that he might accompany Adrienne to the Rue Clovis; so they went thither in great haste.

Thus Adrienne and the Mayeux—the two extremes of the social chain—met with affectionate equality; for the work-girl and

the patrician were equal in mind, heart, and intelligence.

The Mayeux appeared so weak and feeble, that even if Agricola had not been detained below with Cephyse, who was then expiring, Adrienne would have waited some time before she asked the Mayeux to rise and proceed to her carriage. The Mayeux believed that her sister had been taken to a neighbouring house, where she could receive proper attention. It was Adrienne that had practised on her this pious fraud.

"And is it to you, mademoiselle, that Cephyse and I owe our lives?" said the Mayeux, turning her wan face to Adrienne. "She has also received aid in time, has she not, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, compose yourself, it has just been announced to me that she has recovered her senses—"

"Did they tell her I was alive, for without that she would perhaps regret having survived me?"

"Remain quiet, my dear child, she has been told everything that was necessary. Do not make yourself uneasy. Think only of returning to life—and to happiness, I hope, which hitherto you have so little known."

"What kindness, mademoiselle, when after my flight from your home, you must think me very ungrateful!"

"Presently, when you are not so weak, I shall tell you many things, which would fatigue you at present; but how are you now?"

"Better, mademoiselle; this pure air and the thought that Cephyse will no longer be reduced to despair, revives me; for when I have told you all, you will, I am sure, pity Cephyse. Will you not, mademoiselle?"

"Rely on me, my child; but before taking this desperate resolution, did you not write to me?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Alas!" said Adrienne, sadly; how forgetful and ungrateful you must have thought me."

"No, no; I thought you were justly offended at my abrupt departure."

"I offended! Alas! I did not receive your letter; it was given to Florine, who unworthily betrayed me."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes," replied Adrienne; "but she was not to blame. She was compelled to yield to a dreadful necessity; her disclosures and repentance procured her my pardon before her death. She acknowledged that she had intercepted the letter in which you asked for an interview, which might save the life of your sister."

"What motive could they have in concealing my letter?"

"They were afraid of seeing you near me, you were so attached to me; they

feared your faithful affection. You are getting better. God be praised. We shall not separate any more, shall we? Promise me this in the name of our friendship, which is more precious to me than ever; do not refuse me, for now I stand so much in need of a friend."

"Can you, indeed, Mademoiselle, require the friendship of such a poor creature as I am?"

"Yes; and you are the only person to whom I dare confide my sorrows."

"And how have I merited such a mark of confidence?"

"The delicacy of your heart; besides, you are a woman, and I am certain you will, better than any one else, understand the nature of my sufferings, and pity me."

"I so humble and so inferior! I pity you!"

"Tell me, my friend," said Adrienne, "are not those the most poignant sorrows, that we dare not acknowledge for fear of raillery and disdain? But, what happiness to meet, not only with a heart noble enough to inspire you with confidence, but capable of sympathising with you, and of offering you aid and counsel."

For the first time in her life the Mayeux regarded Adrienne with a feeling of distrust.

"She, without doubt, knows my secret," thought the Mayeux; "my journal has fallen into her hands; she knows my love for Agricola, or else suspects it, and wishes to know if she has been rightly informed."

These thoughts did not raise up any bitter or ungrateful sentiment against her benefactress; but, notwithstanding her devoted and tender affection for her, it grieved her greatly to think that Adrienne was mistress of her secret.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE DISCLOSURES CONTINUED.

The thought, at first so painful, that Adrienne was acquainted with her love for Agricola, soon changed into a feeling of regret, which showed all her attachment and veneration for her benefactress.

"Perhaps," thought the Mayeux, "I would have told her the secret, which I thought, not long ago, I was going to carry with me to my grave; but now I am deprived of that consolation of disclosing to my benefactress the only secret of my life; besides, she, so admired and beautiful, could never understand the feelings of a creature such as I am, concealing at the bottom of her heart a love as desperate as it is ridiculous. Alas! why did she not leave me to die?"

"My friend," said Adrienne, "do you not think as I do, that the bitterest sor-

row is alleviated when we can disclose it to a faithful and devoted friend?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle; but the heart which suffers in silence ought to be the only judge of the time for making this disclosure."

"You are right, my child," replied Adrienne, sorrowfully, "if I have chosen this almost solemn moment for making this painful disclosure, it is that I am sure you will, when you have heard me, be more attached to life; when you know, in fact, that I require your tenderness, your consolation, and your pity!"

"What! you, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes; I am about to tell you a painful secret—I love, and am ashamed of it!"

"And I also!" involuntarily exclaimed the Mayeux.

"I love!" resumed Adrienne, "and my passion is not returned; it is consuming me, and I dare not disclose it to any one."

"It is the same with me!" said the Mayeux; astonished to find that Adrienne, so rich and beautiful, should also be unhappy.

"Yes!" cried Adrienne, "like you, I love, and am not loved in return. Was I wrong in saying I could only confide my sorrow to you, who, having suffered the same evils, could alone sympathise with me?"

"Then," said the Mayeux, casting her eyes on the ground, "you know—"

"I know all, my child; but I would never have mentioned your secret, if I had not had one equally, if not more, painful to disclose; your's is afflicting, but mine is humiliating."

"Ah, Mademoiselle! since you know my secret, I can hardly look at you without confusion."

"Why? Because you love M. Agricola? Then I must die with shame; for he whom I love has disdained me, and made a choice which is of itself an outrageous affront on me. Therefore, I think it is not you that have cause to be ashamed."

"You disdained Mademoiselle! I can scarcely credit it. If what I hear is not a dream—if false appearances have not misled you—then your sorrow is great indeed."

"Yes; but thanks to you, I now hope to overcome it. Your courage and resignation will be for me an example."

"Ah, Mademoiselle! do not speak of my courage, when I have so much cause to blush at my weakness."

"Blush! and why? Is it for having shown the holiest affection for the honest artisan, whom you have loved from your infancy? Is it for having been to his mother the tenderest of daughters? Is it for having endured the bitterest sorrow without repining?"

"Who told you this, Mademoiselle?"

"Florine! That portion of your journal, which speaks of your love and resignation, interested her so strongly, that, when she was dying, she was able to cite several passages in explaining to me the cause of your sudden departure, which, she was certain, was owing to the fear of having your love for Agricola made public? When I was informed you lived here, M. Agricola was at my house, and he asked to accompany me."

"Is Agricola here?"

"Yes, my child, calm yourself—he is with your sister—you will see him soon."

"He knows, no doubt, Mademoiselle?"

"Your love? No, no—do not alarm yourself; think only of the pleasure of seeing your brother again."

At this moment Rose Pompon, followed by Agricola, precipitately entered the apartment.

Adrienne's heart bounded with indignation on recognising the young girl she had seen in company with Djalma, at the *Porte Saint Martin*. Rose also recognised Adrienne as the person who had sat opposite to her in the theatre, at the time of the adventure with the black panther; and being glad at this unexpected encounter with her rival, she threw on her a glance of malicious joy, which it would be impossible to describe. Adrienne's first intention was to leave the apartment; but inexplicable curiosity retained her, in spite of her outraged pride. She was at last about to hear and judge of the rival who had caused her so much anguish and jealousy, and to explain to herself the cause of Djalma's love for this creature.

#### CHAPTER XX.—THE RIVALS.

Rose Pompon, addressing Adrienne, said, "I am delighted to find you here, Madame; we shall have to speak together. Only, first of all, I wish to embrace the poor Mayeux, if you will permit me."

Adrienne, astonished at the impudence of Rose, remained mute; while Agricola, not having observed the effrontery of the grisette, said to Adrienne, in a whisper—

"Alas, Mademoiselle! Cephyse has just breathed her last!"

"Unfortunate girl!"

"We must conceal this from the Mayeux," resumed Agricola; "fortunately Rose Pompon is not aware of it," added he, pointing to the grisette, who was on her knees beside the Mayeux.

"Ah! my good Mayeux," said Rose, while her pretty blue eyes were filled with tears, "is it possible you have been so foolish? Do not poor people assist each other? Could you not have applied to me? I would have sold everything be-

longing to Philemon, before you should have been reduced to such an extremity."

"I know you are kind and obliging, Mademoiselle," said the Mayeux; for she had learnt from her sister, that Rose, like so many of her kind, had a generous heart.

Adrienne, whom the sight of Rose had at first painfully affected, now called to mind the conversation she had overheard between Rodin and Djama, and she felt assured that the prince, whose ideas of love seemed so elevated and pure, could not find the slightest charm in the impudent prattle of this girl, and that the apparent connection between them covered some mystery. This idea consoled her; and the emotion which now agitated her heart was so lively, that her beautiful face became flushed, her bosom beat violently, her large black eyes beamed with softness and brilliancy, and she awaited with inexpressible impatience for the interview with Rose, hoping that she would be able to unravel a mystery which was all-important to her.

Rose having tenderly embraced the Mayeux, arose; and, looking at Adrienne with the utmost freedom, said to her, in an impertinent tone—

"Now, Madame, we have a quarrel to settle together."

"I am at your service," mildly replied Adrienne.

Agricola, astonished at the effrontery of the grisette, pulled her aside, and said,

"Do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"Oh! replied Rose, "is not one pretty woman as good as another? I want to speak with Madame; she knows why; if not, I will tell her."

Adrienne, fearing some ridiculous outburst respecting Djama, in the presence of Agricola, said—

"I am ready to hear you, Mademoiselle, but not here; you understand the reason."

"You are right; come, then, to my apartment, Madame."

"Well, then, let it be so, since you are willing to do me that honour, Mademoiselle," replied Adrienne, bowing with an air of exquisite politeness, which completely abashed Rose, in spite of her effrontery.

"What! Mademoiselle!" said Agricola to Adrienne; are you good enough to—"

"Monsieur Agricola," interrupted Adrienne, "have the kindness to remain here with my friend until I return." Then, turning to the Mayeux, she added, "Excuse me for a few minutes; I shall return presently, and take you to our home, my good sister."

Adrienne then followed the grisette to her apartment.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE INTERVIEW.

"I am going," said Rose, "to tell you what I have on my mind. I have not sought for you, but since I have found you, it is natural that I should profit from this circumstance."

"But, mademoiselle," said Adrienne mildly, "may I know the reason of our interview?"

"Yes, madame," replied Rose, "in a formidable tone, which was more affected than natural, "in the first place, you must not believe that I am unhappy. No, no, I have not to complain of the prince; he has rendered me quite happy, and if I have left him, it was against his will, and because it pleased me to do so."

In saying this, Rose could not restrain a sigh.

"Yes, madame," I have left him, because it pleased me; he adored me, and would have married me, if I had liked. If that gives you pain, so much the worse; it is true I wished to grieve you, but when I saw you so kind to the Mayeux, I felt something. In short, I am certain I detest you, and you deserve it," added Rose, stamping her foot.

From all this it was clear, even to a person of less penetration than Adrienne, that Rose was not loved, and that she only wished to revenge herself on Adrienne, whom she looked upon as the cause of her disappointment. This discovery filled Adrienne with joy, but it was soon succeeded by a cruel apprehension, which she will endeavour to explain.

What Adrienne had just heard ought, according to the usages and customs of the world, to have completely satisfied her for it was clear that the prince's heart had not ceased to be hers; and, of what consequence was it if, in the ardour of youth, he had yielded to a momentary caprice for this creature, since he had atoned for that error of the senses by separating himself from Rose.

But, in spite of these reasons, Adrienne could not pardon him; she could not understand this absolute separation of the soul from the body, which prevents the one from partaking of the degradation of the other. No, she instinctively felt the importance of two young, beautiful, and loving creatures, being equally innocent; and what a guarantee there is for the future, in the tender and ineffable recollections, which a man preserves of a first love that is also his first possession.

Rose having terminated her peroration with these words, "In short, madame, I detest you."

Adrienne gently replied, "Why do you detest me, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, madame," said Rose, quite forgetting her part as a successful rival, and



yielding to the natural sincerity of her character, "you know the reason well enough; men don't rush into the jaws of a tiger, to pick up bouquets for persons they don't care about; but I could forgive that; it might be good breeding in his country; but it is nowhere polite to treat a woman as I have been treated, and all on your account, I am sure, madame."

"You are mistaken, mademoiselle, if you think I have had any share in causing you to be ill-treated."

"You are wrong if you suppose I have been beaten," cried Rose. "No, no; it is not that; but the charming prince would have loved me a little, but for you. Ah! when Nini-Moulin came here with jewels and lace to induce me to follow him, he was right in saying he did not expose me to any danger."

"Who is Nini-Moulin, mademoiselle?"

"A religious writer for a pack of priests, whose money he pockets for writing on morality and religion."

Adrienne suspecting that this was some new plot of Rodin's, said, "But under what pretext did this man take you from here?"

"Oh, he said, I had nothing to fear; I would only be required to dress handsomely; and he was right, for I had not a single word of love said to me."

"Yet, mademoiselle, you stopped a considerable time in the house of the prince."

"I stopped because, in spite of myself, I loved the prince. In short, one day I could resist no longer. I dressed myself so coquetishly that I was certain he could not resist me. I went to him, and said everything tender I could think of. I laughed, I cried, and at length told him I adored him. He replied in his soft voice, as unmoved as marble, 'Poor child—poor child,' just as if I had been complaining of the tooth-ach," added Rose, indignantly. "But it is you, mademoiselle, he loves, nay adores. What follies I have seen him commit with your bouquet! and how many sleepless nights he has passed in the saloon where he first met you! Ah! madame, you who appear so good and so amiable, ought not to render him unhappy. Will you not have pity on the prince?"

Before Adrienne could reply to this indiscreet question, the sound of some one imitating the crowing of a cock was heard from behind the door.

"It is Philemon!" cried Rose, clapping her hands.

"Who is Philemon?" said Adrienne.

"My lover," replied Rose, laughing at Philemon's imitation.

Philemon now entered, and being struck with the lofty mien of Adrienne, he respectfully saluted her, and she, returning his salutation with the utmost grace and dignity, left the apartment.

(To be continued.)

## THE ABBOT ERRO.

### A LEGEND.

Through the gorgeous chapel,  
Silently and slow,  
Through the shadowy cloisters,  
Doth the Abbot go.  
Through the sculptured portals,  
Stately road to God,  
By the sunlit meadows,  
O'er the grassy sod,  
Through the glades he wanders,  
(As the tale is told),  
Of that dread Bohemian forest,  
That forest hoar and old.

Ever as he goeth,  
Looks he on the page  
Of his gold wrought missal,  
Meet for lordly sage;  
On the holy letters,  
Traced in brilliant hues,  
Wrapt in holy dreamings,  
Doth the Abbot muse.  
Ever on he wanders, &c.

"To the Lord (his musings  
Still these dim words brought)  
"Years are like a moment,  
"Ages like a thought."  
But their hidden meaning,  
Shackles heart and brain,  
Nor for earnest seeking,  
Is their mystery plain.  
Lost in thought he wanders, &c.

What hath stayed his musings,  
In the wild wood, there?  
Bind notes from the thicket,  
Strangely sweet and rare;  
Angel harps might tremble  
To the melody;  
Long the Abbot marvelled  
Much such sounds should be.  
In the shadowy woodlan's, &c.

Seemed as in the music,  
Strangely joy and pain,  
Twined their warring burdens,  
With the wondrous strain.  
Thoughts of youth and childhood  
Sounds of long ago,  
And the listeners weeping,  
Sounded soft and low.  
Whilst in wonder stood he, &c.

Note of time in passing,  
Took the Abbot none;  
Long years fled like moments,  
Ere the song was done.  
In a solemn stillness,  
Ceased the music hath,  
And the wandering Abbot  
Took his homeward path.  
Towards his convent towers, &c.

Seems the noble convent,  
Strangely old and grey;  
Hath the Abbot left it  
But a summer's day?  
And the sculptured portal,  
Dark and aged appears,  
And the fair wrought carvings,  
Worn with storms and years.  
Like the hoar trunks stand'ng, &c.

And the Abbot hastens  
To the convent hall;  
But the well known faces  
Throng not at his call.  
Only strangers gather,  
Wondering round him there,  
Garments of strange fashion,  
To his own they wear.  
And his wanderings told he, &c.

Sore amazed, they answer—  
 "Two hundred years ago,"  
 Did the Abbot Erro  
 To the forest go;  
 And in pious musings,  
 Through the life-long day,  
 'Midst the trackless woodlands,  
 Lost his way for aye.  
 Never more returning, &c.

"And his goodly picture,  
 Decks our convent hall,  
 Strange, to man so holy,  
 Such mishap should fall."  
 Near the stately portrait,  
 Silently he drew,  
 And the startled gazer,  
 Straight his visage knew.  
 Changeless through his wanderings, &c.

Prayer, they gave, and incense,  
 For the wondrous deed,  
 Well his hallowed lesson  
 Did the Abbot heed.  
 Well the meaning felt he  
 Of the scripture lore,  
 Well the hidden meaning—  
 Mystery before.  
 Gather'd them thus strangely, &c.

Long, before the altar,  
 Fervent prayers he said,  
 With their solemn ending  
 Prayer and life were sped.  
 "To the Lord (these letters  
 On his tomb were wrought),  
 "Years are like a moment,  
 Ages like a thought."  
 In the stately chapel, &c.  
 MARY MAYN.

#### WELCH LEGENDS.

There is a story told of some former inhabitants of Penrhyn singularly confirmed by accident not many years since. Two sisters and a brother possessed the house and estate, but they did not live in harmony, and the brother resolved, therefore, to change the scene and travel abroad; before he set out, as he imagined he might be absent some years, and felt that he could not altogether trust his sisters to recognise his identity if time should have wrought much change in his then youthful appearance, he resolved to take some precautions which should prove his knowledge of the premises. His expedient was simple enough, for it was to place a needle between one of the joists of the ceiling in a small kitchen, and to drive the tooth of a harrow into a pear tree in the orchard. He departed, and year after year passed away, yet he never returned: his sisters remained in possession, and having little affection for him, were quite content that he should leave them undisturbed. At length, when they had long ceased to think about their brother, they were surprised one day by the arrival of a "wretched ragged man," who seemed entirely destitute, was worn and wearied, and to their consternation proclaimed himself the master of the mansion. They heard his

tale with indignation, and insisted on his being an impostor; he, however, called several persons to witness what he could disclose, and pointed out the place where the needle was rusted in the wood, and the bark of the pear tree had grown over the harrow tooth. His asseverations were nevertheless vain, and the cruel sisters ordered him to be ignominiously chastised and driven from the place. He retired to the cottage of a peasant near, who had no difficulty in recognising his young master, in spite of his altered appearance, and there he remained for a time endeavouring to persuade his unnatural relations to do him justice. One day he left the cottage, and his return was looked for in vain, nor was he ever seen from that moment. The sisters retained possession, but nothing went well with them afterwards; the blood of their brother oiled from the ground, and it refused to yield its crops: the lightning descended and destroyed their stacks, the fruit trees withered, and the flowers perished. They were hated and avoided, and no one witnessed their death. The family became extinct, and the estates were sold. The farmer who became possessor, many years after, having occasion to build a lime-kiln, discovered in a fissure of the rock just behind the house, which had been carefully filled with earth, a perfect skeleton, which was no doubt that of the unfortunate brother of the two murderesses.

Another legend of Penrhyn Place is of later date. The family of Fugh, who then possessed it, were Roman Catholics; in their establishment was a priest, named William Guy, who was a gloomy and bigoted man; and, preyed upon by his religious enthusiasm, he entered into a plan with others to exterminate all the Protestants in the parish of Creiddyn, which includes all the district to the east of Conway between the river and the sea. He carried on his machinations as secretly as possible, and it was agreed that a large body of men should meet at Penrhyn in the dead of the night, and, headed by the priest, should sally forth and commence their work of slaughter on their unsuspecting neighbours. A man servant belonging to the family at Glodaith, not far distant, was attached to a young girl in the service of Penrhyn, and came secretly to visit her while preparations were going on for the reception of the band of assassins who had been gained by the priest. A quantity of provisions was laid in, and much bustle had been observed by him in the house. The lover easily persuaded the young girl to tell him her suspicions; and finding that some extensive plot was on foot, he hastened home and informed his masters of the fact. An application was immediately made to the military in

the vicinity, a troop of horse procured, and Penrhyn Place was invested. The conspirators had, however, become alarmed, and none of them was discovered. Guy himself was missing, and could not be traced; for he had chosen for his hiding-place a dismal cavern, ninety feet below the summit of the steep rock called Khlweden. Here he remained concealed for some time, till one day, as the searchers were hovering on the coast in a boat, they observed a light smoke issuing from the cave. With great difficulty—for it was nearly inaccessible—they gained the spot, and there they found the priest in his lair. He was executed in a field below the rock, for his guilt was clearly proved; and the arms intended to be used for the massacre were discovered in a cave which communicated with the house. Some years after this, the family deserted the unlucky mansion, and on examining the few articles left behind, the neighbours found an old chest, which, on being opened, disclosed a withered hand, supposed to have belonged to the priest Guy."—*Miss Costello.*

#### A BARRISTER'S WIFE.

M. Kohl is favourably known to most English readers, through the medium of translation, as an agreeable gossiping traveller. He has partly founded himself on Arehenboly, but does not tell quite so many stories as his predecessor. He offers occasionally sensible observations, and seems to wish to describe correctly. The following story of a barrister's wife is really a very perfect thing in its way; he is travelling by railroad, and is at this stand, still at Wimbledon, when he writes:—

"As we Germans have in general a most formidable idea of the chill and rigid staidness of the English ladies, I did not yet even venture to open a conversation. Meanwhile my temporary companion appeared herself to feel awkward at the state of things; she fidgetted about in her seat, looked out at window, now this way, now that, and seemed as though she would have given worlds to break the ice. I believe had this gone on long we should have laughed in one another's faces; I therefore plucked up a heart, and fired a shot. 'A very fine day,' was my insinuating exordium, and 'Indeed, most beautiful,' her gracious reply; the latter uttered with the pleasantest of looks, and in a voice like a flute. 'Behold us then at last afloat,' thought I, with a devout benediction of all weather, fair or foul, that so often stands our friend at a pinch. So, not to let matters fall asleep again, I e'en followed up my attack with 'and what a nice country all the way!' which brought the rejoinder

of, 'A splendid hop-country,' and so introduced the topic of Farnham, my new friend's birth-place, apropos of which she then related to me, what is above set down. 'As for the young ladies of that town,' she said, 'it was really wonderful to think how many there were, well-looking, and well-dowered too, who were yet in a state of single blessedness.' The all-devouring London, it seems, draws into its vortex the rising youth of the vicinity, till there is such a dearth of young men that a stranger at all entitled to that appellation could not pass through the streets of Farnham without bringing all the damsels to the windows; and as for husbands, they are indeed a rare commodity. A visit to London it is true may help off one now and then, but it is not every one that is fortunate enough to have the opportunity. 'Of course, you are married yourself?' I inquired. 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'these five years;' and then went on to tell that her husband was a barrister, and was gone to spend his long vacation by the sea-side, for his health, taking with him their only child, a little boy of four years old; while she came on a visit to her family. 'Strange,' thought I, 'with us, or in France, the boy would certainly be with his mother; though, to be sure, it is no new thing that the English husbands are, in truth, very nurses to their children.' Her manner was so pleasant, and at the same time so simple, had so little in it of stiffness, and so much of propriety and matronly decorum, that, in order to our conversing more at ease, I ventured still a step farther, and exchanged my seat for that directly facing her; and thus we remained till we reached Farnborough, the last station in Surrey, and that at which, to my great regret, she had to leave the railway for another conveyance. Under the circumstances of the case I thought I might venture a little indiscretion in the way of questions, in reply to which she related to me the whole history of her life; of her youth, passed amid the rural scenes of Farnham, with its beautiful hop gardens; of the gaiety and pleasant parties of the picking time; or her first acquaintance, gradually rising into friendship, and the deepening into love with her new husband, and finally of her present mode of life. This last was not the least pleasing part of the picture. 'We have a pretty little cottage in the Hampstead-road—I am sure my husband would be most happy to see you there,' she politely added,—and there I live summer and winter. My husband has only his chambers in town, to which he goes off every morning after breakfast, returning to dinner at five, to spend the evening with me. All day I busy myself about my household affairs, teach my little boy,

or visit my neighbours, most of them ladies, whose husbands, like mine, are away at their business. Sometimes I go shopping in London; and there is always enough for me to do in arranging for dinner, that all may be nice, should my husband bring home a friend or two, as he sometimes does. Behind our house is a little garden; it is not above fifty yards long by as many broad, though we have a garden of our own too, but then it is kept like a drawing-room, and every shrub in it is quite a picture. In the garden are three great old trees, under one of which is my favourite seat in fine weather; and then I have three cages hung out there—one, with twenty or thirty *avadavats*, little Indian birds, which will only live a number together; one, with a pair of love-birds; and the third, with a parrot, who though quite by himself, amuses me more than the rest put together. But with all helps I often find the day rather long, and am not sorry when dinner-time brings me back my husband. 'I can well imagine,' said I, 'that this temporary separation makes you love one another all the more. Perhaps, too, the being occasionally alone may be no disagreeable variety for you. I have always thought that in England, better than any other country, the sexes know how to heighten the pleasure of intercourse by alternations of meeting and parting. After dinner, the ladies retire to the drawing-room, and leave the gentlemen behind, and the arrangement seems to suit both parties admirably; when they meet again at tea, they do so with a renewed interest in each other. In the same way at home, in our cottage, you and your husband daily part and meet; and now he is off eastward, to Margate, and you westward, into the paradise of hops.' 'Just so; and there I shall stay till picking time, and then my husband will come back from Margate, and pick me up again.' I must confess that among the Englishwomen of the middle and higher ranks, one frequently meets with beings, over whom their amiable air of simplicity and confidence casts such a charm, that it is no easy matter parting from them. This truth I was now, as often before, to experience; when, after a short, too short a journey, made so at least as much by the agreeable company I was in, as by the speed of the locomotion, the cry of 'Farnham! Farnham!' warned me that I must lose my charming companion. 'Come with me to Farnham, I can offer you quarters with my family for a day or two, and then you can proceed on your journey.' 'A tempting offer, indeed,' thought I, 'was the thing not too like an adventure.' 'So you cannot; well, I am sorry for it; good bye!' I handed her out, saw her safe in the company of her maid, and took my leave, with a hearty shake of

her pretty little hand. I doubt whether I should have got so far with many ladies on the continent."

"Or in England either," adds the translator, Mr. Roscoe. He is quite right, and M. Kohl was quite right in not accepting the lady's invitation; not that he would have had to reproach himself for the wrongs of an unseen husband, but he would probably have found the friends of the lady a class of persons who would not have left the foreigner much cause for boasting of his triumph. Their wounded honour would not have broken his bones perhaps, but his purse or his watch, or both, would, in all probability, have been borrowed, had he ventured to visit the abode of the barrister's wife. The lady probably saw she was conversing with a foreigner, found him ready to swallow every thing he was told, and had made up her mind to get him hounded."

## TOUCH AND GO; OR, LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR TOUR IN BRITANNY.

### LETTER II.

(Continued from page 459.)

JUNE 4.—I set out alone this morning for Penchoet, by the road to St. Pol de Léon, and at the end of a league reached the deserted chapel of La Madeleine, prettily situated in a grove of enormous beech trees, and attended by its consecrated fountain. A vicinal route branches off immediately opposite, and at the end of another league brings us to the crest overhanging the valley of Penchoet. The whole town of St. Pol de Léon, with its incomparable steeple of Creizker, its cathedral and its college, and the spires of Pluvoin, Ploménan Mespaul, here open in panorama, whilst below lie the chateau ruins, Hamlet, and valley of Pinchoet. The chateau was one of the strongest and oldest in Basse Bretagne: its ruins appear to most advantage from the bridge below. The two bulky round towers, and the dilapidated walls stand out boldly at the end of the promontory, which terminates the hills dividing the two valleys, whose united brooks form the little river of Penchoet; the glistening streams, the deep and wooded slopes, and the meadowy floor, seem meter spot for the calm and quiet of a religious retirement, than for the stronghold of a Bas-Breton baron. A lane on this side the bridge leads to the chateau on the left, and you will not fail, 'en passant,' to notice the feudal mill, with its antique and bulky buttresses, through the base of one of which are conducted the tail-waters.

After reading the legend which I shall by and by introduce you to, I am sure that you will also look out for the spot where "the jolly young Miller-man" took his horses to water, and you will not forget to peep into the vaults of the castle, all degraded and dilapidated, though they be. If you quit Morlaix, without visiting Penchoet, you will leave unseen one of the prettiest spots in all Brittany. If you are a fisherman, take your rod and fish down to Penzé, the head of one of the countless inlets, creeks, and 'embouchures,' which indent all Finistere, aye, and Côte du Nord, and Le Morbihan also. To make out the day I pushed on to Guiclan (a league), and thence another league, along the flank of the deep valley of one of the two contributory streams, into the breast road nearly a mile beyond St. Thégormec. That place is one of the lions of Finistere. Its lofty steeple, with lanterned dome and flanking pinnacles, and its large and ornamented church, give it a very imposing appearance. The entrance to the church-yard passes under a handsome portal of three arches, dated 1581, and introduces us to the 'calvaire,' one of those curious erections which seem peculiar to Brittany. The cross is elevated on a large square platform, about six feet high, bordered with a multitude of figures, in stone, representing various scenes of our Lord's life, passion, and death; some of them are tolerably chiselled; but I do not think them equal to the remains at Plongonven. The monument is, however, more complete, for besides the principal crucifix, with its numerous and highly finished figures, the crosses of the two thieves are perfect—it is a work of astonishing detail; its date 1610. On the left is the 'reliquaire,' a large and elegant chapel, which was never intended or used as an 'ossuary'; underneath is a crypt, containing a holy sepulchre. The body is laid out on a sarcophagus, and is surrounded by ten weeping figures as large as life. Some Roman Catholic visitors descended with me; they were strangers to the sight, and it was curious to observe the strong contrast between the breathless anxiety and awe depicted on their countenances, and the unmasked, unspeaking, matter-of-fact visage of our conductress. The 'chaire,' or pulpit of the church is another object much talked of: it is of oak, and very delicately carved. On the four panels forming the body are the evangelists, four other figures, one of them St. Peter, in papal attire, ornament the panelling of the stair case; there are some very elegant busts supporting its sub-cornice. The effect is greatly damaged by the extraneous and tawdy decorations which have been added to it. The same observation

applies to the church itself, whose dark blue sky, studded with stars, numerous altars, most extravagantly bedizened, and hosts of chubby-faced angels and cherubs, seem fitter for a theatre than a religious edifice. Almost every church, however ancient, however elegant and simple the construction, you will find overloaded with gildings and flowerings; tragedy queen, N. D., and saints trotting along with their heads in their hands or under their arms; or brandishing burnished gridirons, or sickles, or hammers and pincers; or opening the knees of their small clothes to exhibit a sore; or bearing their own skins across their shoulders like an empty sack, or in some most extravagant act or most outrageous position, equally revolting to delicacy and religion. The church dates from the end of the sixteenth century. It is plenteously stored with bones, fragments of skulls, and portions of skeletons, amidst which long and luxuriant shoots of fern push their way, exhibiting no very agreeable picture of life and death, vigour and decay.

JUNE 7.—By hanging out for raree-shows, your 'bonne' will chronicle you all the 'fêtes,' 'fairs,' 'pardons,' and assemblies of the neighbourhood. The morning's news were, "three noces to-day," and that there would be feasting and dancing in joint stock about two miles out of town. After dinner my companion and myself set out for the appointed rendezvous, but too late for the eating part of the fête. Though it was not seven o'clock when we arrived, we had ocular proof 'en route' that Bacchus was one of the presiding divinities. We found a complete fair; there were standings groaning under the weight of prunes, walnuts, Turkey-figs, almonds, and apples, the latter unaccountably well-looking, not being of the present season. Cakes and gingerbread also abounded, but the French are sorry manufacturers of the latter article. The company was much too numerous for a single 'salle-à-manger,' and was therefore divided into two parties. The most aristocratic of these occupied a booth. Taking advantage of the back-wall of a lengthened line of farm-buildings, a pent-roof had been constructed, overlaid with linen, which, falling down in drapery, formed a booth. One extremity was closed, but the other being open afforded a raking view of all the guests. The openings between the different pieces of drapery enabled the 'garçons' to pass in and out, and supply what was needed. My companion was somewhat alarmed at the motley congregation, one-half of which, ladies as well as gentlemen, was somewhat 'the worse for liquor.' He, therefore, amused himself in the lane, whilst I ventured to the booth, which was constructed of sufficient width



to contain a double range of tables, consisting of short planks laid on tressels. As paced on the outside, the number seated amounted to one hundred and ninety, allowing two feet sitting-room for each individual. The guests were extravagantly merry, and amused themselves with cracking nuts, munching cakes, and 'trinking' (hob-nobbing) with glass tumblers, to the great damage of those fragile vessels. The ladies and gentlemen were not, as with us, intermingled, but 'vis-à-vis,' so that there were unbroken lines of caps and flap-brims from end to end. It was impossible to distinguish brides or bride-maids, for the row of caps was of equal splendour, accompanied with handsome laced 'pélérines' and a profusion of the choicest bouquets. Many of the 'coiffures' of this country are made to terminate in a peak running out behind, by turning back two lappets, which depend from them like the flaps of my Lord Chancellor's dress wig. There is little variety in tipping in any part of the world. We were told that there were upwards of three hundred guests, and the remainder of the day presented nothing very remarkable.

JUNE 11.—Immediately after an early breakfast I set out alone for Le Cloître and the Abbaye du Relecq, purchasing, in my way through the fruit market, half a pound of strawberries for two sous. The road to Carhaix takes us to the foot of the montagnes d'Arés, where we turn off to the steeple of Le Cloître, which shows itself to the right. The 'bourg' is distant from Morlaix three leagues, and lies on a 'steppe' or ridge about two hundred feet under the level of the mountain, with a deep and narrow valley running between. The district, one of the most remarkable in Brittany, is strewn with enormous blocks of granite, rounded off at the angles, as if they had been projected in a slightly molten state, too hard to unite with each other, and not hard enough to get fractured. The church and steeple of Le Cloître do not present any exception to the ordinary religious structures in Finistère; they are uniformly "pretty." The inscriptions on the wooden grave crosses and tombstones are in Breton, which is said to be rarely the case, "because few Bretons are able to read a book written in their own tongue." The little 'reliquaire' is enclosed and was locked, but is duly appropriated to skulls ranged against and grinning ghastly through the glazed windows. Hence to Relecq (a country league), the walk is remarkably picturesque, wandering through wooded glens and valleys, and amidst the alternate brawlings and murmurings of the countless streamlets which issue from the hills. Much of the wood is fine forest oak, beech, chestnut, and fir. The Abbey Church appears to have been built at the end of

the twelfth century, with restorations of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some decorated windows of extraordinary grace and delicacy, in the ruins of the cloisters on the north side, announce the taste and skill of the architects of the thirteenth century. In the swamp behind the Abbey, and under the Arés, are the numerous sources of the Kerlent or Queffent (one of the two rivers of Morlaix), which are collected in the large ponds that belonged to the establishment. Parts of the monastic offices are yet entire. This romantic site, beautiful gardens, woods, ponds, and meadows, form a striking contrast to the rude and naked and savage scenery of the mountains under whose shadow it rests; and the neatness and propriety which reign throughout are a remarkable exception to my sweeping charge against French horticulture elsewhere. To the proprietor, M. Lehineff, I am under great obligations for numerous and kind attentions during my stay at Morlaix. Under the cloisters are remains of vaults containing punitive cells and passages leading into the gardens of the north transept. East of the church is the fountain of N. D. du Relecq, with the usual gable at one extremity. Our lady is plunged waist deep in a spring filled with moss and frogs; a niche above seems to show that in former days a better image and more revered occupied a drier sanctuary. I returned by way of Pleiber Christ, crossing a continuation of the 'steppe' of Le Cloître, still strewn, though not so numerously, with the arrounded blocks of granite. The Le Cloître route is a good five leagues, and is more practicable for a horse than a carriage. The Abbaye du Relecq is a spot which every traveller in Basse-Brittany must visit.

JUNE 12.—Beautiful white currants in the market, at six sous the pound; cherries abundant; strawberries a drug, new potatoes almost past the season; green peas nearly given away; butter dropped from twelve to fourteen sous the pound; large quantities of the latter are brought from the parishes bordering on the Arés, in huge and shapeless masses, like so much tallow fat, and sent (chiefly) to Havre by the Morlaixian.

(To be continued)

### The Catherine

Jenny Lind.—This lady, the idol of the Swedish stage, was received on her return to Stockholm last month with extraordinary honours. Thousands of persons, it is stated, in their holiday attire, from every quarter of the town, on foot, on horseback,

and in carriages, poured down towards the port, on the evening when the fair singer's arrival was expected; and the bay was covered by boats adorned with flags, streamers, artificial flowers, and variegated lamps. Rockets from the lighthouse signalled that her vessel was in sight—and were answered, on the instant, by lights from every window in every house of every street adjoining the pier. All the singers and instrumentalists of the Theatre Royal, and all the musical amateurs of Stockholm, steamed out to meet her, and led her into port with national airs and flourishes of trumpets. The lady stepped on shore, amid the shout of multitudes, which lasted, "without interruption, for twenty minutes!" A carriage, drawn by six white horses, received her at the landing-place, and would have conveyed her to sumptuous apartments at her hotel—only that the young men of the city displaced the white horses, and drew the fair singer to her home. Bands of military music preceded and followed the carriage, playing triumphal marches; and hundreds of carriages and horsemen, and twenty thousand pedestrian enthusiasts, swelled the procession. From all the windows in its line, elegantly-dressed ladies waved white handkerchiefs, and flung flowers and crowns upon the carriage. The front of the hotel was lighted by a transparency, representing musical trophies, with the legend "Long live Jenny Lind." The orchestra of the theatre played serenades beneath her window; and, "*all night long*," the street was encumbered by the dense crowd that lingered around the scene of the fair one's aluburns.

*Bernal Diaz del Castillo* is considered the most artless of all the *Historiadores Primitivos*. He composed his "*Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva España*" in a fit of indignation at the glaring partiality of Gomara in omitting in his history all mention of him and his fellow-soldiers, the companions of Cortez. It was not printed till 1632, when it appeared at Madrid, in one folio volume. It contains a prolix, minute, and confused description of all Cortez's operations, written in rather a coarse and homely style; but as he was an eye-witness of all that he relates, and bore a considerable part in many of the transactions, his account is much relied on.

*Hints to a Debtor.*—The Rev. D. P. Kidder, in his travels, gives the following advertisement from a Brazilian paper. "Senhor José Domingos da Costa is requested to pay, at No. 35 Rua de S. José, the sum of six hundred milreis; and in case he shall not do so in three days, his conduct will be exposed in this journal,

together with the manner in which this debt was contracted." [Something of this kind might be useful in England. It might bring some of the London swindlers who have not courage to rob in the highway, nor to break open a house, but who manage to keep the property of all who trust them, to a settlement.]

*Herr A. G. C. Eberhard*.—This well-known German tale writer, died lately at Dresden. He was seventy-six years of age. In his youth Eberhard studied medicine; and published works on the nervous system, and on the brain, which are in professional estimation. Till recently he resided at Hamburg, where he carried on an extensive business as a bookseller, under the firm of Renge & Co.; but his establishment being destroyed by the fire in 1842, he retired to Dresden. He has left a fortune of considerable amount, the greater portion of which he has bequeathed to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Dresden, of which he was at one time a pupil.

*The Banks of the Dalef*.—"On this road you see forests which appear to have stood from the foundation of the world. Trees fall in them, lie, and rot, because no hand troubles itself to make use of them; nay the Dalmen often fell the most magnificent ones merely to procure a little fresh bark to mix with the fodder of their cattle, and then leave them recklessly to decay. So vast is here the wealth of, so great the indifference to, that which other provinces purchase with solid gold. But this gold does not penetrate into the primeval parts of Dalarna. The cataracts of Dalarna, which may be said to insure the innocence of the country, prevent, also, its connexion with the world of commerce, and seem to say, 'Retain thy poverty and thy wealth, and with both thy peace.' Fires often ravage vast tracts of these forests, even to the mountain-tops, and they let them burn till they go out of themselves—they can do nothing to quench them: and thus you see whole tracts converted to ashes, or rather, to dead woods. The trees remain standing with bole and branches, but not a single green leaf is left upon them, not the slightest tint of grass protrudes from the ash-strewn earth, no bird, no insect, moves its wing amongst the burnt trees; all, ground, wood, mountain, is blank and ash grey as far as the eye can reach—all is dead: it is as if a curse had passed over it. Sometimes you have on the right of the road one of these dead forests, while on the left all flourishes in verdant beauty."

—Bremer, translated by W. Howitts.

LONDON: Printed and Published by ALIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Sold by all Booksellers and News-men.